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Henry Wallace

THE fight over Mr. Wallace's appointment to the secretaryship of Commerce has during the last week reached a new low in misrepresentation and recrimination; Mr. Wallace's own attitude has been so frank and straightforward that one feels a notable increase in popular esteem for him. His statement before the Senate Committee and his testimony after the statement were admirable. They showed that he possesses a true grasp of the economic problems which confront us and which will acutely confront us when the war is over. It is an unusual thing for the editors of any publication to see someone in Washington precisely stating, at a public hearing, the views on economic and social matters which those same editors have developed as their own. Often a partial agreement exists, but almost never total coincidence. Mr. Wallace's advocacy of genuine free enterprise—as distinguished from monopoly control—is what THE COMMONWEAL has advocated. Mr. Wallace's advocacy of reasonably full employment after the war we view as an essential goal, if we are to avoid social disorder and economic disintegration. Mr. Wallace's advocacy of a fuller and richer life for all the American people we likewise advocate. In a recent book, reviewed two weeks ago in THE COMMONWEAL, "Chinese Wit, Wisdom and Written Characters," there is a most significant quotation from Confucius: "First enrich the people, then teach them." As far as we can see, this is the only viable program for producing a better world—with the understanding, of course, that in the process we do not breed a nation of materialists. Mr. Wallace is no materialist.

The question of his ability to administer the vast lending powers of the Federal Government is surely answered in his own testimony on his activities in the Department of Agriculture. Lending small sums to hordes of separate individuals and achieving a higher repayment rate than did Mr. Jones with his large sums lent to relatively few corporations is something which no fair-minded person can dismiss. Mr. Wallace's lending task as Secretary of Agriculture would certainly have been viewed as far the more dubious enterprise by any banker. The fact that he succeeded even better than Mr. Jones should, if there were no prejudice in the case, recommend him to the business community. That it does not recommend him is largely a matter of real hatred resulting from unscrupulous propaganda on the part of interested small groups throughout the country—principally, Big Farmers and monopolistic Big Business. That there should be an active "National Businessmen's Committee for Wallace," including a number of pretty large-scale operators, bankers and industrialists, should make it clear that Wallace was stating the simple truth when he said: "The current situation is not one of personalities, neither is it one of personal prestige."

These words, by the way, are from a speech given in New York, January 29, before the members of the Union for Democratic Action and under the auspices of the *New Republic*. Such a group would scarcely include any great number of Catholics, yet Mr. Wallace chose to play what can only be called an innocent prank upon his audience. In discussing the dangers of vast accumulated wealth in private hands, he said: "The measure of the power of this octopus is the extraordinary attack which is going on against me right now. With regard to financial power let me quote from a very experienced observer: 'In our days not alone is wealth accumulated, but immense power and despotic economic domination is concentrated in the hands of a few; and those few are frequently not the owners, but only the trustees and directors of invested funds who administer them at their good pleasure. This power becomes particularly irresistible when exercised by those who, because they hold and control money are able also to govern credit and determine its allotment, for that reason supplying, so to speak, the life blood to the entire economic body, and grasping, as it were, in their hands the very soul of production so that no one dare breathe against their will.'" Mr. Wallace then

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coyly continued: "This is from a statement by one of the world's great leaders and I shall be interested in discovering which newspapers or radio man is the first to identify the author. The analysis, which was made in 1930, still fits. I have pondered many times on the significance of the statement as I have sat in the United States Capitol and watched the economic forces at work." Is it necessary to inform our readers that the author of this statement was Pius XI?

Not only do we see in Henry Wallace a man with very nearly precisely the same social ideals as our own, but we see in him a man deeply concerned for the spiritual in human life and a man who has broadened and grown thanks to his administrative experience. Many things he has done and said in the past we have disapproved; some thoroughly honest critics see in him a nascent totalitarian leader who intends to regulate the lives of every last American. But we believe that Mr. Wallace would himself be critical today of many of the things we criticized in the past; and we are confident that his character is such that the rôle of totalitarian leadership would be completely repugnant to him and therefore quite impossible. What we would fear much more is that if Mr. Wallace is relegated to private life, a far less desirable person, to whom great power without check or hindrance would be far from repugnant, might be given the job.

By the time these lines appear in print, the Senate may well have acted and Mr. Wallace may no longer be Secretary of Commerce. But we view this struggle as being of such major importance that we wish to express our approval of his appointment, at least for the sake of the record. It is our honest conviction that Henry Wallace is one of the few men in Washington who can successfully fight to protect the American institutions we cherish against the "wave of the future."

The Ward Decision

GIVEN the wording of the act creating the War Labor Board, it is difficult to see how Judge Philip L. Sullivan of the United States District Court could have reached any other conclusion than he did in his decision in the Montgomery Ward case. What the more conservative commentators have failed to note are the extraordinary paragraphs in which he laments the necessity of having to decide as he did. "It is with considerable reluctance that I have arrived at the conclusions in this case. Our nation is engaged in a global war. . . . Millions of young Americans are fighting and dying on all of the battlefields of the world and thousands of families are daily saddened. . . . Our country is in a great crisis and our liberty and very existence are at stake. . . . Selfishness, arrogance, intolerance of the rights of others, self-interest and unwillingness to compromise should during this emergency be all subordinated for the common good. It may well be that an interruption at this time in the flow of any goods may directly or indirectly affect our armed forces, thereby resulting in added loss of life or in prolonging the war. As good American citizens none of us wants that to happen. . . . A tribunal has been established to accomplish peaceful settlement of labor disputes during the war emergency. Loyalty to our country and our fighting forces should influence disputants in such labor controversies to refrain from waging a campaign against the use of this machinery, but rather should lead them to make every effort fairly to present their disputes before this tribunal and then be guided by its recommendations, even though no method is provided for the enforcement thereof. If the disputants are not willing to obey the recommendations of the War Labor Board, which are admittedly only advisory, then Congress alone is the only branch of the Government which can compel them to do so. It is the duty of Congress to enact the laws, and the duty of the courts to interpret them." Mr. Avery may have won a judicial victory, but the judge himself indicates how little he has won a moral victory.

Spain . . . Again

THIS issue of THE COMMONWEAL is not a normal issue. The article we published a few weeks ago, "Evolution and Revolution," by Alfredo Mendizábal, has brought forth two full length replies, with neither of which we are in sympathy. Unfortunately Mr. Mendizábal was mistaken on a matter of fact regarding Mr. William Thomas Walsh, whose views he attacked in his article. It is only proper that Mr. Walsh be given the courtesy of our columns for a full reply. We regret that we ourselves did not notice this error prior to publication, and rectify it. But we are still unconvinced by Mr. Walsh's main line of argument, and emphatically disagree with his conclusions. "Francis Stuart Campbell" defends his favorite monarchial thesis in opposition to Mr. Mendizábal's democratic solution for Spain. The monarchial thesis is certainly arguable, though we feel that to argue it is largely academic, for purely historical reasons at which Mr. Campbell himself hints. We likewise feel that Mr. Campbell's definition of democracy, although completely justified historically, again departs from reality. How many democrats today would themselves accept the classical, Aristotelian definition of democracy as reflecting the government of their dreams? But Mr. Mendizábal himself replies to his adversaries. We trust that we shall not have to deal with the Spanish question again, for a few months at least.

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Jacques Maritain Goes to Rome

THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT has announced the appointment of Jacques Maritain as Ambassador to the Vatican. That, primarily, is a matter which concerns the French and the Vatican, the political relations between the French nation and the Vatican. The choice of Maritain as envoy is something for the French to comment upon, from their point of view, and something for the Vatican to comment upon, but the Vatican comment in such cases is succinct and practical for it consists in accepting or in not accepting as *persona grata* the proposed envoy. What the French may be saying about the appointment we do not know; we know that the Vatican has accepted Maritain as envoy. And so a country, somewhere, is sending an ambassador somewhere and, for an American, the protocol is that this is none of his business but that if he happens to know and admire the ambassador in question it is proper all the same for him to state that he thinks the choice a good one.

It is customary to add a little historical background (this time conveniently supplied on page 430) and then there would be something like this. The Vichy Government had an ambassador in the Palazzo Taverna (because when you are writing about diplomats you never say Paris or Vienna but always the Quai d'Orsay or the Ballplatz) but, now that there is no longer a Vichy Government, M. Léon Bérard is no longer an ambassador and, if he wants to, he can enjoy being in Rome with the spring coming and nothing to do. M. Bérard is more fortunate than he who sent him, who now is in Germany with nothing to do, and the spring will come eventually to Germany, but disaster will come to Germany even more swiftly than the spring, and then Marshal Pétain would be better off had he sent himself to Rome instead of sending M. Bérard. After some such glance at the past, there would be a tribute to Maritain the philosopher, but it would be no doubt a better and more competent tribute were it addressed to Maritain the friend—of any artist, if he works at his art; of any man who suffers, if he does not look with indulgent pride at his pain; of any man who seeks justice, if he does not claim justice solely for himself; of any man who looks out over the limitless seas, or into the night, with the snow falling, and the cold, and who is alone and in fear. One would have read previously in the papers all that is said about whether the state should subsidize confessional schools in France, and about whether there is going to be violent anti-clericalism in France, and so, after that tribute to Maritain, the hope would be expressed that no too serious problems may arise to complicate the new ambassador's sojourn in Rome.

That is the way the protocol would arrange a commentary on Maritain's appointment and then one would proceed to write the piece about the Free German Committee of the Generals, and how the European war may be coming to a different kind of end from the one we had expected, and how it is ever more unlikely that one can pass directly from war to peace.

That is the subject upon which every mind and heart in Europe and in America is intent. The Russian advance, and this new hope that the fighting soon will cease. And also this uncertainty as to what we will find in Europe when the fighting has ceased—the fighting by men enrolled in immense armies, conducted in strict order by the staffs and by the governments. The hope that that kind of fighting will cease; the uncertainty about other kinds of fighting. The certainty which is like a clear cold light over all the ruins of Europe and the cold figure of the woman looking for her husband, the families dispersed, and each person, alone, looking for another person, and in vain for the dead; the uncertainty as to anything else. The victory swiftly coming, that certainty at least, but then uncertainty. (It is like the moment before an operation.)

When there is this extreme and final urgency in our hearts an ambassador in his uniform going anywhere at all can claim no satisfactory proportion either to events, or to our hopes or to our anguish.

So that the protocol goes out the window and there is Jacques Maritain about to leave America for Rome. The man named Maritain. A man we have known here in America. A man whom Americans know is going to Rome. He will be the French Ambassador, which is a matter of importance to the French; he will not be our ambassador. His title and his functions place him in a system with which we have no relation, save through our diplomats. He becomes a diplomat, an official. All that he becomes now, officially, removes him from us. Also he will be acting in the interests of France—devotedly, because of his immense devotion to his country—and we do not ask that he act in the interests of America. It is not that; it is not that we are in the least concerned with his official position. It is not of importance to us that he is French and a European, and now a diplomat. It is only that one more man whom we know and trust will be present in Europe when all men throughout the world cross, at the moment of victory, into a land uncertainly lighted—and look for peace, but see dimly and are broken with fatigue.

C. G. PAULDING.

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The Errors of Mr. Mendizabal

A reply to his article

William Thomas Walsh

THE PROGRAM advocated by Mr. Alfredo Mendizábal in THE COMMONWEAL of January 12, 1945, as the sole means of averting a second civil war in Spain, would simply restore, as I shall demonstrate, the very conditions that produced the first Civil War, and with it a bloody and satanic persecution of the Catholic Church, in 1936. This suggestion is so fraught with peril for millions of inoffensive Spanish Christians, and if Spain falls, for other millions in Europe and throughout the world, that Mr. Mendizábal's untruthful attack upon me is of secondary importance. Perhaps I ought to glory in being falsely accused of defending oppression, lending "moral assistance" to fascism, and being disloyal to my country and to Christian principles, when the Vicar of Christ endures the same lying accusations from the controlled Soviet press and its fellow travelers and camp followers everywhere. No one who knows me, no one who has read the many writings in which I have condemned unreservedly both fascism and communism will take these charges seriously. But lest they be credited in other quarters, with possible serious consequences to me and to my family in these hysterical times, I must dispose of them briefly in the space THE COMMONWEAL has allowed me for a discussion of the larger issues.

A fair sample of Mr. Mendizábal's reliability is his assertion that I have returned from a trip to Spain. I have never been there in my life. And only in his disordered imagination have I been "weighed down by decorations from the government of Franco," or gone "marching along singing the praises of tyranny and displaying the decorations conferred by that tyranny." And had I been willing to "quiet my conscience," as he alleges, on the subject of Spain, it would have been easier to take the more popular course followed by Mr. Mendizábal and THE COMMONWEAL, and so to have gained the applause, instead of the misrepresentation, of all who pride themselves on being "a little left of center." If Mr. Mendizábal had been less eager to discredit me and the government of his own country, with which the government of my country is on friendly terms, he might have noticed, in the very paper he quotes, that the "commendations" I received at Manhattanville had nothing to do with Franco, but were spoken by Father Talbot and Father Gillis on behalf of the Gallery of Living Catholic Authors on the occasion of its granting the 1944 literary award for my "Saint Teresa of Avila," and by Monsignor Hartigan as representative of His Excellency Archbishop Spellman in the same connection only. If any of these gentlemen gave the remotest comfort to "the proud partisans of fascism," it was but in the wishful thinking of Mr. Mendizábal.

The only decoration I have received is the cross of *Comendador* of the Civil Order of Alfonso the Wise, which the Spanish Ambassador, on being invited with several Spanish-American diplomats to the Gallery presentation, took the opportunity to confer—without, however, any such extravagant or fascist "commendations" as seem to have haunted the bad dreams of Señor Mendizábal. In 1939, for reasons I considered good, I had declined the Order of Isabella the Catholic, which other Americans accepted at that time, and I would have declined this one too had it been offered privately. But when the Associated Press reported this award by the Minister of Education at Madrid for my biographies of Isabella, Philip II and Saint Teresa, I saw that a refusal under the circumstances would be a public insult to the magnificent Catholic people and rulers of Spain, my brothers in the Mystical Body of Christ, at the very time when they were being subjected to an organized campaign of vilification by the anti-Christian forces that had sought their destruction in 1936. As a Catholic I could not adopt this convenient but cowardly attitude. When the State Department forwarded me the official notification from Madrid, I asked if there was any reason why a loyal citizen of the United States should not accept this honor. The State Department offering no objection, I then wrote the Minister of Education my acceptance. I was glad to further, even in this small way, the friendly relations of our country with all the Spanish nations.

It is rather amusing, then, to find Mr. Mendizábal reproaching me for an unpatriotic and un-Christian opinion that "we have no real objection to dictatorships for other countries." If he really missed the irony, he might still have conveyed my true meaning had he been fair enough to

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quote the context, in which I said, "Do we not fawn, officially and in the press, on one Joseph Stalin, the absolute dictator of Russia, a notorious murderer of Christians, one of the worst in 2,000 years? The very people who grovel most shamefully before this enemy of God and of the human race are those who cry most vengefully against the dictatorship that saved Spain from the fate of Russia. This is rank dishonesty, crass diabolical hypocrisy." And I cannot praise Mr. Mendizábal's honesty in accusing me of being able to "quiet my conscience" by a mere denial that Franco's government is fascist, when he had before him the very words in which I gave, among my principal reasons, the unmistakable pronouncements of Pope Pius XI and Pope Pius XII.

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In 1933 Pope Pius XI denounced the anti-Christian laws of the Spanish Republic as proceeding from "the hatred and enmity which the destroyers of all order, religious and civil, *banded together in secret societies as in Mexico and Russia,* cherish and stir up against the Lord and His Christ." (My italics throughout.) In 1936 and again in 1937 he attributed the Spanish War not to fascism, but to "a truly Satanic hatred of God and against humanity redeemed by Him" under "those forces which have already given a sample of themselves in subversive attacks on every kind of order from Russia to China, from Mexico to South America." Repeatedly, and sometimes addressing the whole world, he warned Catholics against the plots of communists to gain their collaboration on some common ground—by "a distinction between ideology and application, between ideas and action, between the economic and moral order," or by some "fictitious and insincere distinction between the Catholic religion and religious politics." I leave it to Mr. Mendizábal and THE COMMONWEAL to explain how any man calling himself a Catholic can still invoke those unsavory distinctions to justify his "neutrality"—not to speak of outright hostility—in a conflict described by the Vicar of Christ as one between Christ and Satan.

Pope Pius XII not only congratulated Franco repeatedly in 1939 on his glorious Catholic victory, but in remarking, *as late as* 1943, on the "happy resurgence" of the Faith in Spain, on the progress of Catholic Action there, and on "the abundance of good and solid vocations to the priesthood," went so far as to say, "We have seen Christ triumph in the schools, and have seen the Church rise up out of smoking ruins *to infuse the Christian spirit into your laws, your institutions and all the manifestations of official life.* Finally, we have seen God present once more in your history." In his broadcast to the whole world this past Christmas Eve, the Holy Father not only singled Spain out of an alphabetical list for special honor, but went out of his way, so to speak, to thank *"the Chief of State and the Government"* of that country, as if to rebuke the pharisaical campaign to defame the men who saved its Christian order. His words were so interpreted in the Soviet press, which again denounced the Vicar of Christ as a fascist and a defender of the crimes of Hitler.

If Mr. Mendizábal has so little respect for the Pope's opinion, it is not surprising to find him contradicting the hierarchy of his country. Franco, he alleges, forcibly prevented the expression of "the will of the great majority of the Spanish people" as registered in the election of February, 1936. Is it possible he has forgotten the notorious and incontrovertible fact, to which forty-two Spanish bishops called attention in their joint pastoral letter to the bishops of the whole world, that the Popular Front *lost* that election by more than half a million votes, yet, thanks to the corrupt electoral system of its own creation, managed to have a majority of 118 seats in the Cortes, "because," said the bishops, "the votes of whole provinces had been cancelled at will, thus corrupting at its source the legitimacy of the Parliament?" In many places ballots were destroyed and voters assaulted or intimidated. Incidentally the will of the Spanish people had been demonstrated even more overwhelmingly in 1933, but the victorious Catholics waived their right to form a cabinet, under a threat of bloody civil war from the Popular Front. They were rewarded by a Marxist revolt in 1934. And it is incontrovertible that immediately after the crooked and violent election of February, 1936, "the Russian Comintern," as the bishops said, "resolved to decree the Spanish Revolution, and financed it with extraordinary amounts of money." Churches, convents, Catholic homes and newspaper offices were burned with the connivance of the "Government," and by July the Reds had ready for action, in various parts of the country, 150,000 well-armed shock troops, said the bishops, and 100,000 reserves. Franco acted not a moment too soon, and was fully justified, according to the forty-two bishops, by the reasoning of Saint Thomas concerning defensive warfare.

The Soviet Ambassador Marcel Rosenberg immediately took command at Madrid. He picked the Marxist cabinet of Largo Caballero, who called himself "the Spanish Lenin." And there is no more sickening chapter in all history than what happened throughout Spain under their direction. Eleven bishops, 11,000 priests and sisters, and more than 500,000 helpless civilians, men, women, children, old and young, were butchered by organized murder squads, many consisting of criminals released from prisons. Some 20,000 churches were destroyed; in many of them

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the Sacred Host foully desecrated; statues of Christ and His mother "executed" by firing squads. Everywhere in "Loyalist" Spain appeared the hammer and sickle, the clenched fist, the cruel sly face of Stalin. A delegate of the Spanish Reds at Moscow boasted that "Spain has greatly surpassed the work of the Soviets, for the Church in Spain has been completely annihilated."

Why stress the help that Franco in his dire need accepted from totalitarian Italy and Germany (and paid for with cash) when the Popular Front received infinitely greater aid and actual direction from the totalitarian Soviet? Did Mr. Mendizábal ever object to the aid totalitarian Russia is giving the Allied cause in this war? Was George Washington a monarchist because he accepted help from the French monarchy? At all events both Washington and Franco won, thank God. And Franco's task of reconstruction was the more difficult: a world of foes against him, the gold reserve stolen and most of it shipped to Moscow, farms devastated, factories destroyed, whole cities in ruins. Yet today Spain boasts of teeming farms restocked, busy factories rebuilt, no unemployment, national solvency, the greatest general prosperity in many years, block after block of model homes for workers at low rental in the large cities; churches restored by government funds without interest; religious education in every school, even the universities. Naturally this has infuriated enemies of Christ from Moscow to Mexico City and New York. And of all their propaganda weapons the most useful have been the clanking chains of "republicans" executed or imprisoned under Franco. The innocence of these victims, whose number is fantastically exaggerated, is naïvely assumed by liberals like Señor Mendizábal.

Yet what civilized country could afford not to execute such criminals as those who crucified the two priests at Pina, and shot down the peasant children near Zaragoza? or those who castrated and tortured priests of God? or the ghouls who poured gasoline over nuns' habits and burned them to death—yes, and those who raped sisters and laywomen before they slew them? A friend of mine saw naked corpses on the streets of Madrid: "I knew they were nuns," he said, "because large rosaries were stuffed in their mouths." And why is it that the very persons who applaud the punishment of "war criminals" in France and Italy have only crocodile tears for such war criminals as the two brothers in Valencia who shot down 192 civilians and the fiendish Edmundo Rodríguez, who confessed to killing 225 of the 20,000 average decent people of Madrid who were butchered in the Calle San Bernardo prison alone? Why is it fascist and reactionary to punish criminal atheists, but praiseworthy to kill innocent Christians? And whom should we believe about Spain, the Pope and the Spanish bishops, or Mr. Mendizábal and THE COMMONWEAL?

Whether or not Franco ever gave Hitler, to keep him from overrunning Spain, the assurances that his enemies quote or misquote out of their context, I do not know; but he obviously intended the neutrality essential for his country's recovery, and a neutrality friendly to us—else why did he choose the pro-English Count Jordana for his foreign minister? The fact is, of course, that he himself was never anything but pro-Spanish and pro-Catholic. Archbishop Spellman described him in 1943 as a Christian gentleman, "loyal to his God, devoted to his country's welfare." This testimony of an unimpeachable witness confirms the plain evidence in Franco's speech to the Spanish youth in October, 1942. Hitler's fortunes were then at their highest. Yet Franco, speaking for home consumption only, reminded his hearers that all their great victories had been won on feasts of Our Lady, that true heroism goes with virtuous living, that the state is subordinate to God and His Church, that putting aside hatred and revenge, they must labor with all love to conciliate their former enemies and restore true harmony to Spain. Neither Hitler, Mussolini nor Stalin could ever have made that speech. Yet Franco made it, and whatever his human faults and mistakes—for what country has a perfect ruler?—there he showed himself a true statesman, Christian and magnanimous. A few months later he proved his sincerity by commencing to release, week by week, all prisoners with sentences of twenty years or less—that is to say, all but criminals too dangerous to be turned loose on any country.

Mr. Mendizábal now proposes to replace Franco's Catholic régime, as Pope Pius XII has described it, with a democratic system, "purified of the errors and deviations which made it vulnerable in the past." He is not very specific as to what those errors and deviations were. But for the moment let us examine the ingredients of his new democratic prescription. He heartily commends a plan of Martinez Barrio and Indalecio Prieto, as leaders of the *Junta Española de Liberatión* in Mexico City, to avert a second civil war in Spain by giving that country a cabinet of "the various republican parties, the Socialist Party, the liberals," and "the democratic sector of Catholic social groups," under Don Miguel Maura, who is "Catholic and Republican," and "above all a liberal," etc. "That," says Mr. Mendizábal, "is the path to follow." Let us see.

Barrio, according to the *Revista Católica,* is Grand Master of the Spanish Grand Orient, which, as Pope Pius XI clearly indicated, linked the liberal and socialistic parties of the Popular

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Front with the Spanish Reds and Moscow in preparation for the murder, anarchy and satanism of 1936. Exiled by Franco, the Grand Orient held a great reorganization meeting in Mexico in 1943, with at least one prominent Freemason of the United States Southern Jurisdiction, Scottish Rite, in attendance from Washington, D. C. Since then—is it only a coincidence?—Mexico City has been more than ever a hotbed of anti-Catholic activities. Twelve Protestant sects, heavily financed, have begun a campaign to "evangelize" the Christians of Mexico. Communists under the late Ambassador Oumanski are attempting to set up the first American Soviet in Colombia, Ecuador and Venezuela.

Prieto is another Grand Orient politician. He was one of the Masonic majority in Alcalá Zamora's "republican" cabinet in 1932. As a Socialist, he was navy and air minister in the Marxist cabinet of Largo Caballero, selected as I have said by the Soviet Ambassador Marcel Rosenberg on September 4, 1936, to direct the satanic orgy of bloodshed and desecration in Madrid. When that choice gang of murderers fled before Franco's victorious banners of the Sacred Heart and of Our Lady, Prieto scurried to Barcelona, to organize the infamous *Cheka* called S. I. M. under the Russian Communist Zubiroff, whose 2,000 agents, paid directly by the Comintern, are credited with 60,000 assassinations.

And these two apostles of democracy, Prieto and Barrio, are going to give Spain, with the blessing of Mr. Mendizábal and THE COMMONWEAL, a government under Miguel Maura, "Catholic and Republican" and "above all a liberal." Spanish papers describe him as a nonentity. How history repeats itself! How touchingly reminiscent of the first Spanish Republic of 1931 under that poor old gullible Catholic Alcalá Zamora, also "above all a liberal," who realized too late that he had been cast aside by Prieto and the rest after they had seduced him into betraying his country to the enemies of Christ! No real Catholic was ever "above all" a liberal, even in a sense in which liberalism is acceptable to the Church. And of that condemned Liberalism for which the Grand Orient stands, Pope Pius XI wrote, "No one can be at the same time a sincere Catholic and a true Socialist. . . . The parent of this cultural Socialism was Liberalism, and its offspring will be Bolshevism." A Catholic is above all a Catholic, a member of Christ's Mystical Body, as I believe Franco is. That is why the Prietos and Barrios wish to destroy him. "Above all a liberal!" There Mr. Mendizábal lets the cat out of the bag.

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Fortunately his plan has little or no chance of success at present. The uprisings along the Spanish border, which he so grotesquely magnifies, were investigated by the Associated Press last December, and were found to be almost nonexistent and utterly insignificant. And the New York *Times* of January 21, 1945, makes it plain that the Rump Cortes with which Barrio and Prieto intended to launch their project in Mexico City has been a dismal failure, for lack of a quorum, and has been definitely given up. Vaguely the *Times* quotes unnamed "republican leaders" who attribute the fiasco not to dissensions but to the difficulty of travel. Journals more leftist—so leftist in fact that they refer to Prieto, who seems to be the storm center, as a "right wing" leader—indicate bitter disagreements, and whatever we may think of all that, remind us of one personage who does not appear in the *Times* or Mr. Mendizábal's article, but seems to be playing no minor part in the farce at Mexico City: J. Alvarez del Vayo.

Alvarez del Vayo! His memory in Spain has a fragrance almost indistinguishable from Prieto's. He was so well known to be a tool of the Soviet that when he made his famous speech at Geneva, promising freedom of religion on behalf of the Spanish Republic, the Marxist *Solidaridad Obrera* of Barcelona cynically observed that "this speech of Alvarez del Vayo may have sounded very well in the League of Nations. It appears to have given tone to the discussion. *But here in Spain it makes us smile.*" With Prieto and Juan Negrin he belonged to that butchers' cabinet of Caballero, and was the one most often seen in public with Comrade Rosenberg from Moscow, amid clenched fists, the smell of blood, the bellowing of the *Internationale*.

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Del Vayo did not attend the Rump Cortes of Barrio and Prieto, but apparently has been busy behind the scenes as a mediator between warring factions. In an interview on January 13, he declared that Negrin, successor to Caballero as the Soviet's prime minister in Spain, would soon arrive in Mexico from London, and that his presence was "essential to republican unity." On January 17 it was disclosed by Owen Roche, Mexico City correspondent of *PM*, that Prieto was to be sacrificed on the altar of unity. His only hold on a few delegates was his control of large funds (doubtless the remains of the stolen Spanish Treasury, the part not sent to Moscow). The others complained of his living in luxury while they were starving. Nothing seems to have been said, of course, in that milieu, about his being guilty of murder on a large scale, and it may even be—for I suspend judgment on all of this, considering its source—that he still occupies the important position that Mr. Mendizábal accords him in that "Cortes" whose legitimacy was

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impugned by the Spanish bishops even in 1936. It is probable enough, however, that the high command may have decided that the odor of his reputation will do the Cause no good in the United States, if it is too strong for some of the liberals and socialists of 1936, who are not especially queasy.

At all events no such qualm, no such compunction seems to trouble Mr. Mendizábal. He is willing to hand his country over once more to the Popular Front that caused the assassinations and the civil war of 1936, and under the same leaders, specifically including Prieto. Ah, but the communists, he tells us, are to be excluded with fascists and monarchists. Similar assurances were given generously from 1931 to 1936. George Dimitrov was more brutally realistic when he told the Seventh World Congress of the Comintern in 1935 that "the formation of a broad People's Front, providing for joint action with social-democratic parties, is a necessity. Cannot we endeavor to unite the communist, social-democrat, Catholic and other workers? Comrades, you will remember the ancient tale of the capture of Troy . . . the famous Trojan Horse. We revolutionary workers should not be shy about using the same tactics." There is nothing shy about Prieto, Negrin and Del Vayo, who introduced the Trojan animal in Spain. Liberals or Socialists, left-wing or right-wing, they acted like congenial communists in the cabinet of the Spanish Lenin. If Mr. Mendizábal does not know Prieto's history, what value can we attach to his recollections of the Spanish War? And if he does know it, so much the worse for him in the opinion of any Catholic who has not wholly lost his wits. I leave the answer to him.

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Meanwhile two facts are revealed by his suggestion that Franco flee to Ireland, "whose political atmosphere might be propitious for falangist fugitives": first, his contempt for one of the most Catholic nations in the world, and second, how little he really believes in true democracy. For if he believed in Christian democracy as I do, he would never sneer at one of the few countries where democracy is more than a pretense. The Irish Government, acknowledging the authority of God and the inalienable rights of man, as Franco does, rules by the mandate of a tremendous majority of free electors; and Mr. Mendizábal may be right at least in this, that they would not share his exaggerated and hysterical view of the dangers of falangism. Every one knows that the *Falange* included various extremes, thrown together in the stress of war. There were undoubtedly some fascists among them, though it must be said that José Antonio, their organizer, refused to meet nazis and fascists, insisting on the purely Spanish character of an organization whose feminine section chose Saint Teresa of Ávila as its patroness. I can even credit Mr. Mendizábal's assertion that there are communists among them, when I consider the extent of communistic penetration everywhere, for instance in the New Deal administration and the CIO; though I doubt whether Mr. Mendizábal on that account would have called President Roosevelt a communist and demand his overthrow. Some Freemasons joined the *Falange* when they saw who was going to win, thinking perhaps to dominate it. Franco has either expelled these un-Christian elements or suppressed their influence, as in the case of Suñer, and has lawfully subdued the whole organization to his Catholic conception of government—a truly statesmanlike achievement which will be imitated, let us hope, in other parts of the world. The Irish understand, too, the truth of what Pope Pius said this past Christmas Eve, that the essence of democracy is not bound up with any particular form of government—it may be found in a monarchy, he said, and may be lacking under republican forms—but derives from recognition of the authority of God: a formula which excludes Russia, but not Spain.

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I am inclined to doubt that Franco will accept Mr. Mendizábal's invitation to visit Ireland. However, if he decides to travel, and finds it inconvenient to go there, he might perhaps receive a cordial welcome in this country. There are millions here of Irish descent, besides other millions who still cling to some vestiges of common sense, and to tell the truth, many of us are getting more than a little fed up on Mendizábals and Trojan Horses of every description.

This Is My Prayer

This is my prayer. A room
Inside a big, white house, and
On the wall, a portrait from
The Italian, or a landscape from
The French, the usual books, and the
Icebox full of lemonade,
To read from E.B.B. in a billowy
Chair of chintz, in riding breeches.
To have my dining-room, adjoining, dark and cool
As the woods' deepest glen, and
My kitchen bright and gay
With red and white checked gingham.
To have the land and every weathered fence
Secured to both of us on paper in the
Vault of the red, brick bank
In town about three miles. And you
Whoever you may be, would soon come in
From wherever you had been.

Sgt. Barbara Savage, MCWR.

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Kingdom or Chaos

Why a republic won't work in Spain

Francis Stuart Campbell

DON ALFREDO MENDIZÁBAL's thesis, with which I disagree on some important points, can easily be summed up in a few words; Franco's régime is what the English school boy calls a "bad thing." Franco is only supported by a minority and his fall is therefore certain. If he does not resign in order to make place for a democratic republic supported by the former parties of the center, he will be swept away by another sanguinary civil war with the extremists in the lead. An "authoritarian monarchy" (I assume this to be a monarchy *more* than in name, something on the Austrian pattern prior to 1918) our author does not visualize as a happy solution.

In taking issue with Professor Mendizábal I ought to point out that he is a democrat with liberal propensities. This, in my opinion, is putting the peg into a square hole. I am a Catholic liberal in a specific sense[1] and firmly convinced that democracy in its classic sense[2] and especially in a republican framework, as doctrine of the "politicized nation," is the first step towards totalitarianism. There is, moreover, in my opinion an antinomy of ends between freedom and majoritarian egalitarianism. Our evaluation of the European, and especially of the Spanish character, are different, and while Professor Mendizábal knows Spain much better than I do, I had the opportunity of witnessing the civil war on the spot.

Professor Mendizábal is convinced that Franco's régime is fascist. In this connection it must be remembered that the editors of THE COMMONWEAL recently praised Ambassador Hayes for his characterization of fascism in a letter to the Spanish Foreign Minister (see *Harper's Magazine,* December, 1944) but this description of fascism also fits, *mutatis mutandis,* communism like a glove except that communism is even more totalitarian than its Mediterranean "counter-idea." Let us then agree that Spain has a *totalitarian* government, but totalitarianism is a universal disease and shows in the various countries only different degrees of its nefarious development. Who dares today to throw the first stone? I am informed that Spain in 1944 was less totalitarian than in 1940, whereas many self-professed liberal democracies are today more democratic *and* totalitarian but less liberal than four or five years ago. As a liberal I am strongly opposed to any totalitarianism, but the manifestations of this disease in Spain are not quite as bad as in some other countries. I have never seen hotels in Spain "For Gentiles Only" or resorts for a "Restricted Clientèle"; I have seen Moroccans of a distinctly Negro strain hobnobbing in the cafés of Burgos with high Spanish officers: I have enjoyed free speech in Spain at all times; was never prevented from buying a glass of wine by a policeman, nor were there efforts made, in flagrant violation of international law, to draft me, an alien, into the Spanish army. I have before me a book written by a Carlist and published in Spain in 1939 which says of the young Tomás Zumalacárregui: *"Como cualquier alma natural y generosa, enamorase de los principios liberales."* ("Like every open and generous man, he lost his heart to liberal principles.") I doubt whether I could make a similar affirmation in a certain country proud of its "economic democracy."[3] Furthermore I know of no regulation which relegated people of specific racial descent, regardless of their national loyalty—persons of Catalan blood for instance—to relocation centers. I know pretty well that the Franco régime is unpopular, but almost never is govern-

[1] This bears no relation to economic "liberalism" of the Manchester variety, so strongly condemned in papal documents. It is an older attitude, based on the doctrine of free will and the necessity of freedom for the development of the human person. Thus a Catholic liberal stands for a political and social order which assures to all persons the *greatest possible freedom,* with due regard to the Common Good, which is moral as well as material. For him specific forms of government can only be *means* to this end. There exists a "Liberal Catholicism" which is, of course, merely religious defeatism. [2] The Pope in his Christmas message dealt by and large with democracy in the popular sense. Saint Thomas, Father W. Farrell, O. P., Mortimer Adler or J. S. Mill would deny that there is such a thing as a monarchical democracy. An *effective* monarchy with the final decisions in the hands of the ruler can be liberal and/or demophile, but *democracy* pure and simple always implies *"rule* of the *people."*

[3] I visited with a friend, an officer of the Press and Propaganda bureau in army uniform, an Evangelical Minister in Seville to get information on the status of Protestants in Spain. The minister read to us several letters from his parishioners in the army complaining about various molestations and vexations. (One of them was threatened by his officer because he refused to attend Mass, but he prevailed in the end). My friend thought such incidents quite credible. Still, the whole "scene" would have been impossible either in Germany or in the USSR.

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ment popular in Europe, and popularity is not necessarily an indication of moral validity; nor do I have a proof that life to the Spanish people in general is made intolerable. Franco himself is not a man of great imagination. He even descends to the level of the French Revolution by imitating its deadly centralism, but on his desk we might conceivably find the telegram of the Jewish conference in Atlantic City thanking him for his cooperation in saving thousands of Jewish lives. Were I a Spaniard I would have sided *actively* with Franco in the civil war. (I respected the anarchist fanatics, with their craving for absolute and undiluted liberty, but I still preferred the Carlists.) I know about the brutalities of Franco's followers; I know all about the shootings of innocents, but the horrors I have seen committed by the curious forces of "Spanish democracy" are so terrible and constitute such a delirious nightmare that I will remember them until my dying day. Goya's "Desastres de la Guerra" are charming in comparison with the hair raising bestialities of the cemetery of Huesca. The impossibility of receiving the sacraments in Loyalist Spain as well as the fact that one of my paternal friends (ill and in his seventies) was clubbed to death like a seal on a beach might have conceivably influenced my decision.

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Professor Mendizábal, certain that a government supported only by minorities cannot last (a conviction I do not share), rejects the monarchical solution and insists on a third Spanish republic. As a liberal I prefer a monarchical solution to Franco, but Franco to a Spanish parliamentary republic. Not that I am convinced that his continuation in office is better *per se* than "democracy" but a democratic *and* liberal republic in Spain (and anywhere else in Europe!) has not even a dog's chance to last. The few successful "democracies" in Europe were those of the North-West, where the democratic principle was "watered down" by the monarchical element (Saint Robert Bellarmine's "Composite Government"). The dynasties represented continuity, stability and a detachment from racial and class issues. (Hence the strict dynastic laws preventing intermarriage with the local aristocracy and enforcing a strict ethnic exogamy.) Monarchy is, superficially analyzed, a rather irrational affair but the hereditary principle makes more sense upon closer inspection, a fact of which Pascal, for one, was fully conscious. Psychologically, though not legally, the monarch was never identified with the government, the "coldest of all monsters." When Teddy Roosevelt in one of his usual moments of candor asked Francis Joseph what he considered to be his prime duty the old ruler answered without hesitation: "To protect my peoples from their government."

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A democratic republic is quite another matter. Here the ultimate power goes to the majority and is a bone of contention. Today it is a commonplace that such a form of government can be a success only if two conditions are fulfilled: (a) the existence of what acts as a two party system and (b) a common philosophical ground. Every intelligent democrat from Mr. Simeon Strunsky to Professor Laski knows that. Yet if we look at the European continent and especially at Spain, a country which by its rugged individualism, its hatred for compromise, its passionate personalism, its dreamy "otherworldliness" is the very opposite of the English-speaking world, how could we imagine that such a situation favorable to a parliamentary, democratic republic can now be brought about? Who is going to bring the anarchists,[4] the Carlists, the rank-and-file clericals (the former CEDA), the Basques (and their clergy), the socialists, the communists, the Trotzkyites, the monarchists, the Liberals of all shades under the same denominator? I do not see such a possibility in Spain or anywhere else in Europe outside France, and I am not so sure whether the shadows of General Boulanger are not going to lengthen from the shores of the Tagus to the waters of the Rhine and, perhaps, beyond. And, although Spain is in many respects *socially*[5] even more democratic than the United States, she needs and wants more liberty. But does she need, can she afford *political* democracy? Madariaga in his "Spain" declares that: "Spaniards must be converted to collective life." Yes, they must, *if* the republic is their inevitable political fate . . . and thus cease to be Spaniards and Europeans. But I doubt that they will follow this advice. The nazis have always preserved their Reichstag in the lost hope of educating a whole generation of nazis, who could then indulge in the parliamentary sport of having free elections and parties all representing various shades of the nazi *Weltanschauung*. Not in vain did Hitler, like Stalin or Mussolini, boast repeatedly of his "true democracy" . . . though never of his liberalism. Once there is a truly

[4] The anarchist (today by his own mistake so often a "bolshevik," a communist) belongs inextricably to the European and especially to the Catholic scene. Young royalists in Europe prayed for Sacco and Vanzetti. Vanzetti's grave even became a center of local pilgrimages in fascist Italy and Arnaldo Mussolini (!) wrote a preface to Risticucci's book on these fighters for absolute freedom. Trotzkyites were brutally persecuted by the Stalinite police in Loyalist Spain. Cf. Julian Gorkin's "Canibales Politicos."

[5] Even Iliya Erenburg was baffled by her socially democratic way of life. There is certainly less "authoritarianism" in the Spanish army than in any other army I have seen so far.

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nazified society the nazi State even could become liberal and permit freedom of expression and thus indulge in "real democracy." Germany is not Spain, it is predominantly Protestant, but still it is European. In a culturally Catholic country like Spain, where the Catholic craving for the absolute manifests itself also in the secular domain, there is even less chance for such a deadening and revolting uniformity. No state, however totalitarian, could achieve it. In other countries society has "taken a hand" in this process of political uniformity, but nobody could imagine that the social forces on the Iberic Peninsula would enter instinctively into a spontaneous conspiracy, embracing all publishers, newspapers, teachers, professors, stage producers and "prominent citizens," who would see to it that no word is breathed against the sacrosanct "common denominator," which quickly assumes the character of a *Religionsersatz,* and would persecute and menace any trespasser with all means at the disposal of a totalitarian society sinking into utter intellectual sterility. But since such a process is unthinkable in Spain the chasms between the various ideologies will remain, and this stupendous dynamite *if* introduced as an *active factor* into the political scene, threatens to blow everything into bits. We have the word of M. Bernanos: *"Nos peuples ne sont pas médiocres. Nos peuples ne vont jamais d'eux mêmes aux solutions médiocres, soit dans le Mal soit dans le Bien"* . . . which reminds me of Anatol France's *"Il n'y a de supportable que les choses extrêmes."* (And this not coming from Spain but from the country of *mesure, mesótês!*) Even Salvador de Madariaga has to admit that "there are stubborn people who will have Spain behave like Sweden or Wisconsin." Of course, the average Spaniard is a liberal in so far as he craves for his own personal liberty but like the rest of the Europeans he is slow in according it to others. (Only men to whom power and authority come naturally have often—by no means always—shown a truly liberal temperament. In comparison to our reigning schoolmasters, paperhangers, bricklayers and highway robbers, Philip II looks like a liberal firebrand.)

In this connection it must never be forgotten that Continental Europeans look at parliamentarism as at a horse race, and as a framework for the achievement of total power. Absolute majority means absolute victory. Absolute victory is absolute government. Look at the terrible façades of the present German, Italian and Russian republics conquered by political *parties* through elections, *coups d'états* and revolutions. We Europeans are not interested in the parliamentary process in the light of the Gettysburg address, but merely as an opportunity for the *lasting* realization of our ideas. Gil Robles, for instance, wanted as much to conquer Spain by legal means as José Antonio Primo wanted it at *all* cost. Largo Caballero, Indalecio Prieto or Alvarez del Vayo are not interested in the "democratic process" as such, but in means for a victory of their *Weltanschauung.*

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These years of our sojourn in this country we European visitors or temporary exiles should use for the reflective and searching evaluation of our own world. At last we have an opportunity to contemplate our problems in a more detached way. Yet nothing would be more tragic than to make the fatally wrong deductions from the happily proceeding American experiment and to fall into the same trap as Lafayette, whose American vision turned into guillotines and *noyades.* Our conditions are basically different; here in America, we have a Constitution which has lasted for more than five generation; it would take some time to figure out how many dynasties, different forms of governments, foreign occupations, civil wars, dictatorships and local revolutions Spain went through in the same time. With the possible exception of Hungary, there is no Continental country which can boast of such an ancient constitution as can this country. Or of such *mental* homogeneity. *Our* nations are "motley crowds" while America has been built on the voluntaristic basis of an immigration of freely consenting persons. Let us be honest to ourselves, and, last not least, to our American friends, who share with us the all too human failing of wanting to see one's own ideas triumphant at home *and* abroad.

I think that we should squarely face the fact that our Catholic statesmen were never sincerely devoted to nineteenth century parliamentarism and, after all, such an attitude was and is logically out of the question for them and also for everybody else believing in the existence of absolute truths.[*] Oliveira Salazar is as unenthusiastic for the parliamentary principle as the late Chancellor Dollfuss, the heroic Schuschnigg or even the late Monsignor Seipel. Dr. Brüning is a democrat in the loose sense only, since he is a monarchist. How could a Catholic statesman look to the triumph of a rival (anti-Catholic) party with equanimity? I doubt whether D. Alfredo Mendizábal is able to imagine Gil Robles applauding a smashing

[*] In other words, they accept the Ryan-Boland thesis that untruth has not the same right of existence as truth. As a liberal I cannot follow the Ryan-Boland thesis to the bitter end. It is too democratic for my tastes. As I indicated in the "Menace of the Herd," I would tolerate untruth for truth's sake. Naturally, untruth has no innate right to toleration, and it should never be permitted to capture the government, but truth supported by a police force would lose all its luster and magnetism. Truth backed by the police power adds the luster of heroism—and hence virtue—to untruth.

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victory of the FAI or the communists at the elections with the feeling that, "Lo! The People have spoken! I bow to their verdict! Long live democracy!" Let us confess openly and honestly that Europe, including Britain, never produced in the last 100 years more than 6 outstanding *thinkers* (I exclude the *literati* who so often aspire to the chaplaincy of King Demos) who truly accepted classical democracy. The fact is that the vast majority of our political thinkers not only rejected it but even sensed the totalitarian danger in this ideology. It is significant that the great Swiss (Burckhardt, Constant, Bachofen, de Reynold) sensed it no less than the outstanding Spaniards, Russians or French. I omit a complete list and mention merely de Tocqueville who prophesied the catastrophe with deadly accuracy.[7]

Democracy, which Don Alfredo Mendizábal offers to Spain, might work under certain rare conditions, in small cantons, in small states. Credit must be given to Rousseau who clearly saw these limits of democracy. Yet democracy cannot work, as the Holy Father has pointed out, in the face of the depersonalized masses (Thomas Jefferson's *canaille*). Unfortunately, we live in the age of the masses and all modern institutions and trends work feverishly toward transforming nations into mere masses or herds. These masses, we have to admit, exist even in highly individualistic Spain, and they have been, as elsewhere, strongly politicized (hammered into collective organizations) and dereligionized (deprived of their personal relationship with God). At the same time the emotions are everywhere in the foreground and they are there quite logically since the level of education and knowledge of the vast majorities can never keep step with the ever increasing knowledge of a rapidly shrinking world which steadily becomes more and more complex. A peasant in the open air diet of Glarus was and is as much of an "expert" as a delegate in those medieval Spanish Cortes so stupidly crushed by Charles V. But since the masses today are confronted by problems they are unable to grasp and by experts between whom they are unable to choose intelligently, they have to suspend their reason and let their emotions speak ... and emotions have little use for the *via media*.[8]

[7] Ramiro de Maeztu, also butchered by the Loyalists, has reminded us in the *Acción Española* (No. 1, December 16, 1931) that world democracy or world socialism has not been enriched by a single Spanish thinker.

[8] Major L. Alexander, Army Psychiatrist, recently pointed out (N. Y. *Times*, January 12, 1945) that the average mental age of U.S. soldiers is between 13 and 14 years. In spite of the absence of comics and of "high schools" artificially prolonging the pre-adolescent state of mind, there is little indication that the intellectual level of the masses in Spain is much higher. The behavior during the Civil War points to an attitude which was not only infantile but rather in the tradition of one of the leading democrats during the French Revolution—the Marquis de Sade.

Yet in the political arena the frantic enthusiasm for leaders (aspiring to become Leaders) is eclipsed by the infernal hatred for the adversary, and thus the parliamentary life of Europe and especially that of Spain has become a civil war in disguise. (See Unamuno's appeal to a new civil war in his "Vida de Don Quijote Sancho": *"Si, es lo quen necesitamos: una nueva guerra civil."*) It has once been said that war is nothing but a continuation of civil war with other means. Certainly, civil war in Europe is nothing but the continuation of the "democratic process" with other means. I think that Spain was relatively lucky inasmuch as she was not blessed with a party régime lording with absolute power over her (the Falange is in my eyes a fake, mere window dressing in order to comply with twentieth century patterns) but a military dictatorship, something which many Germans would have preferred to the present populistic tyranny.

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The real issue of our times is not the one between the various external forms of government but the burning question of *personal* liberty, regardless of the label the government carries. Father Jean de Menasce has alluded to this in a brilliant article published in the COMMONWEAL (November 6, 1942). The only salvation of Spain will come from a *non-political* government. Democratic government is always political, and what Spain needs is a political disinfection of the masses. A military dictatorship is at least a caste-dictatorship, not a class-dictatorship. The basis of an ideal European government, an impartial government, must be as *narrow* as possible. Democratic as well as totalitarian dictatorships crave for the broadest possible basis. There is nothing narrower than a monarchical government, provided it abstains rigidly from any favoritism—which it *can* do. A party government, which in Europe almost always has class affiliations is *never* in such a position. But, of course, a monarchical government needs affection and enthusiasm and this is only possible if the familistic concept of nations survives. I admit that this tradition has been terribly weakened, but no other basically liberal working proposition has been found, and short of basic national unity, it never will. I admit that nothing is more difficult than the establishment or reestablishment of such an organic bond, as opposed to the numeralistic bond of democracy. If given a chance, I believe that such a reintegration would be *feasible* in Spain because the residues of that sentiment still exist. I do not know the candidate for the Spanish throne personally, but I understand that he is a man of character, with a fair amount of intelligence. And a monarchy, after all, is not based on supermen.

The whole situation in Spain must also be

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viewed with relation to the position of Catholicism in Europe. The Church has been strengthened in the last decade, but the power of attraction of the Soviet Union has gained even more among the "moderates." The cushion between the Church and the anti-Church, to which subconsciously we have become so much used, is rapidly disappearing. Neither in Spain nor anywhere else in Europe is there going to be much of that center which figures so strongly among the refugees as well as in the calculations of Professor Mendizábal and of Madariaga. Our author proposes in his article to eliminate the extremists (communists, anarchists, monarchists and falangists) from a future government of Spain and it matters little whether he wants to "outlaw" or merely to ignore them. I personally don't see how one could unleash the popular forces to the exclusion of these most vital and dynamic elements. Some of these—the communists—belong to a totalitarian group. The present war will end, as far as we can now see, *in a vast defeat for liberal democracy and a gigantic victory of the oldest and most powerful totalitarian country*. The area in Europe controlled by totalitarian forces will be at least as great as in 1938 and will be territorially consolidated and solidified. Totalitarian forces will make headway in liberal democracies. However un-Spanish communism may be, it will receive, once it can come into the open, the most invigorating stimulus from abroad. All tensions and antagonisms will be immensely increased and changes on the Continent will show an innate tendency to be revolutionary rather than evolutionary. To this one has to add Spanish necromania and the indubitable Spanish enthusiasm for civil wars. We may well recall a popular song of the Spanish masses c. 1821:

Muera quien quiere
Moderación
Y viva siempre
Y siempre viva
Y viva siempre
La exaltación.

(This statement may sound positively cynical, but it was my honest impression that Spain was during the war a country with a weird luster in her eyes—*Italia para nacer, Francia para vivir, España para morir*—and that the "peace" with hunger and stagnation must have been a terrible anticlimax.) If merely an iron age were in the offing, one could be less in favor of a *Quieta non movere* policy, but this is not an iron age into which we are entering: it is the age of salami (pork and donkey-meat) which combines swinishness with stupidity, in which everything may be lost *including* honor. In this terrible night which is ahead of us there is indeed not too much hope that the Spaniards might become again, in the words quoted by las Casas, *"royal and free."*

Mr. Mendizabal Replies

IN ANSWERING the criticisms raised by my article published in THE COMMONWEAL for January 12, I must deal with two very different points of view: the violent diatribe of Mr. William Thomas Walsh, compounded of enthusiasm and aggressiveness and filled with insults to those who do not think the way he does, and the more courteous and objective disagreement of Mr. Francis Stuart Campbell. Mr. Walsh criticizes me from a position which is frankly—and Francoistically—anti-liberal and anti-democratic. Mr. Campbell, declaring that he is a liberal, manifests his opposition to democracy by finding in the principle of equality an essential contradiction—one which I do not recognize—to the principle of liberty. Therefore these differences seem irreconcilable, not only between the points of view of my opponents and that which I myself uphold, but also at the same time between the attitudes of my two adversaries, since they represent tendencies which differ in respect to political liberalism. The three are agreed, then, on one point: that we disagree. The discussion might be prolonged indefinitely, but as the readers of THE COMMONWEAL must give their attention to other aspects of the drama of our time, I am going to answer briefly the principal points of the controversy which has been provoked.

First of all I must rectify my original assumption that the enthusiasm of Mr. Walsh for the régime imposed by Franco and the Falange is based on direct knowledge of things as they are in Spain. No. Mr. Walsh has never been to Spain. He says this emphatically, indignant that I could have thought otherwise from reading his categorical statements and his judgments on the recent past and the present situation of my country. That declaration by Mr. Walsh greatly weakens his position, impairing the value of his judgment, since they are not based upon personal experience or upon direct contact with the personages and victims of the régime which he admires so much, but rather on the propaganda of its partisan panegyrists. That does not seem to prevent him from denying (as he does in the Brooklyn *Tablet* for January 13) the competence of others who, like Professor Jacques Maritain, know Spain at firsthand and through frequent contacts with Spaniards of various political tendencies.

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Anyone who, without having read my article, or those which I published previously in THE COMMONWEAL (December 3, 1943; February 18, April 7, July 7 and 28, 1944) depended for his knowledge of my position on the invectives which Mr. Walsh is good enough to direct toward me, might think that I support extremist points of view which in fact are entirely incompatible with my own opinions. Those who know me are perfectly aware that, independent of every political party, I have always struggled to obtain a régime for my country based on the supremacy of law and respecting the essential liberties of the human person (and first of all religious liberty), based furthermore on the peaceful participation of the people in the institutions of the State through the practice of the methods of democracy. My opposition both to the dictatorship of the Right and to that of the Left, my constant efforts during the civil war in favor of reconciliation between Spaniards and against foreign intervention (*all* interventions, Mr. Walsh, fascist or Soviet), my adherence to liberty without compromise and justice without qualification won for me dismissal from my university chair—a dismissal decreed simultaneously by a communist minister and a Francoist general; and shortly afterward the sentence of a so-called "tribunal of political responsibilities" condemning me to fifteen years exile for the "serious crime" of having worked to bring about peace within my country.

The well-justified indignation of Mr. Walsh over the "atrocities" (murders, destruction by fire, devastation, tortures) committed by the "Reds" would be well taken—*suum cuique*—if he had felt equally indignant and likewise expressed himself concerning the great number of similar "atrocities" committed by those who claimed to be the champions of order and of Christian civilization. Between 1936 and 1939 1,200,000 Spaniards were killed, but the greater part of them, some 750,000, did not fall in battle, but were executed or assassinated in the cities and villages of the country; and this in both camps with a similar degree of ferocity. That has never been recognized in the propaganda of either one or the other, bent on convincing the world that this was a struggle of angels against demons, and that the angels were naturally those who accused their enemies at the very time they sought to conceal their own hands, which were also stained with the blood of their brothers. During the civil war the crimes of the extreme Left and those of the extreme Right tragically balanced each other in number. It is certain, Mr. Walsh, that criminal elements in the republican camp sometimes inciting the aroused masses, sometimes acting on their own account, threw themselves with especial fury upon thousands of priests and Catholics whom the enemies of the Church treated as "fascists"; and that such brutality deserved the condemnation of all decent people and especially of Christians. But only unawareness or an unbelievable spirit of hypocrisy and complacency with crime could have persuaded many who proclaimed that they were followers of Christ to cloak with their silence innumerable murders which were deserving of the strongest condemnation, since they were carried out systematically in the name of the most sacred principles. The Franco Government is directly responsible for countless executions—with or without trial—carried out by its agents; and it cannot be alleged in attenuation that they were committed outside the range of its authority, since the "order" of which they boast was perfect in its kind, in the territory progressively occupied by its troops, just as today it is "perfect" throughout the national territory, in which killing still continues in the name of that same "order."

Franco has indeed gone to great lengths in showing consideration and apparent respect to the Church, as a means of making use of her. When, as in the Basque country, the Church did not appear disposed to submit to the violence of the dictator, she was persecuted by him: the Bishop was expelled from the Diocese of Vitoria, together with hundreds of priests and religious, now scattered throughout the world; 19 priests were killed, and 53 were confined in the prison of Carmona alone at the time that the socialist leader Besteiro died there. Mr. Walsh ought to know that not all the Spanish bishops signed the "collective letter" sought from them by Franco to support his propaganda, and that Cardinal Vidal y Barraquer, Archbishop of Tarragona, who refused his signature, recently died in Switzerland, while still in exile. And also that not the republican government alone included freemasons; that a number of the Franco generals were masons too. I shall not attempt to answer the insulting remarks of Mr. Walsh about some of the Spanish political figures now in exile. For me insults are worthless as an argument. But it is curious to compare the sheer coincidence of the viewpoint of the anti-communist Mr. Walsh with the present attitude of the Communist Party and its sympathizers in opposing Prieto, Martinez Barrio and the Spanish deputies gathered in Mexico City.

★

Mr. Campbell's criticism involves certain general principles about which our respective positions differ widely. His numerous indirect attacks on democracy as it functions in the United States I leave to Americans to examine and to answer.

Between normal forms of government and corrupt forms, as the tradition of political science has classified them, there is certainly not only a well known difference in purpose and organization

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but also a very important difference in the results of their practical application. *Bonum est integra causa, malum quocumque defectu.* If the perfection of certain forms is unattainable, they remain always in a condition of tendency. No form is absolutely pure, but the common good, which is the object of political society, is accomplished with a greater degree of approximation in those systems which propose it as their own ideal, than it is in those whose principle is precisely to alienate themselves from the common good by seeking exclusively the good of a dominant caste, a privileged class, or a dictatorial tyranny. Saint Robert Bellarmine declared that power "resides immediately in the whole people," and Suarez, that "only democracy can exist without positive institutions, as a consequence of the natural law; since it is naturally, according to reason, the political power proper to every perfect community, it follows from this that power belongs to it, unless, by some new institution, it has been transferred to some other subject."

I do not believe, as Mr. Campbell alleges, that the democratic republic is the first step toward totalitarianism. On the contrary, the former appears to me as the antidote for the latter. I see in the liberal principle combined with the democratic principle the best guarantee against absolutism; and in the equality of all citizens before the governing authority an earthly echo of the equality of all men before God. I do not confuse popular government with the government of the masses. The majority will of the people in the representative system is determined, not by the violent action of the masses, but by the personal decision of every citizen, and its total result indicates the predominant tendencies. It must also take account, if the régime is truly democratic, of the wishes of the minority who are capable of becoming a majority should the changing representatives of the constituted majority oppress the others, who are not second-class citizens by virtue of the fact that they were defeated in the elections. The criticisms of Mr. Campbell regarding democracy are much better applied to demagogy. The totalitarian dictatorships—whether of the fascist or Soviet type—at the same time that they suppress the liberty of the individual and the equality of citizens (certain rights are possessed only by party members) try to gain popular support, pretending to seek "true democracy," through demagogic efforts at "motorization" of masses previously imbued with passionate enthusiasm by the crudest propaganda.

I know that it is no easy task to institute in Spain, or in other countries for that matter, a "democratic order." But obstacles must not discourage us, but spur us on to overcome them. In any case social and political peace can be based only on liberty and justice, and today neither are existent in Spain. I do not share Mr. Campbell's admiration for the extremists (anarchists or Carlists, communists or falangists), the violent minorities who alone favored war and revolution and were able to subject the country by their criminal terrorism. Because their action has been so terrifying and so spectacular, Mr. Campbell has discerned in them "the most vital and dynamic elements." Their exploits have been fatal to Spain and their "dynamism" . . . "dynamitism." In elections they were not able to secure in Parliament a representation which gave any idea of their strength; anarchists are opposed to parliamentarianism, named no candidate and were advocates of "direct action"; the communists never boasted more than fifteen deputies in the Cortes of the Popular Front, where the Carlists had twelve; and only once did the Falange succeed in electing its own leader. It would not only be insulting to the Spanish people but totally false to suppose that it was represented by some groups of rabid extremists, who were only its smallest component part. The majority of Spaniards did not want the civil war, nor does it wish the oppressive régime of Franco now. Most Spaniards are people of leftist or rightist tendency, but not adherents of violence as a system. But that majority can only make its voice heard under a democratic and liberal régime. Dictatorship suppresses that voice, a voice which the demagogy of a war of the masses had already smothered at the very moment when it was a supreme cry of anguish.

Mr. Campbell desires for Spain the return of a monarchy which has already crumbled—precisely because it went in for dictatorship—and whose pretender to the throne (whom Mr. Campbell does not know personally but who he supposes to be "a man of character with a fair amount of intelligence") announced to the Spanish people a little before the fall of Mussolini, his intention of offering them "a régime similar to that which had produced such excellent results in Italy." For no inconsiderable number of English conservatives that is the solution also, for they confuse Spain with the mines of Rio Tinto. The time has come when the destiny of the Spanish people must be moulded by themselves, without recourse to violence or foreign intervention: by the simple exercise of their liberty of choice.

ALFREDO MENDIZÁBAL.

The Stage & Screen

The Tempest

THIS IS a nice enchantment. In spite of the fact that its English is pronounced six ways for each pentameter (the accents progress from the distinguished

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Danish of Paul Leyssac to the comedic mumbles of the pair of Czechoslovakian clowns, Voskovec and Werich), and in spite of the fact that I think the production as a whole is more notable than any several of its performances, I hope the business will hit hard and permanently. I think there is quite a bit to be learned from it. Not having been able to get hold of the Theater (promotion) sheets in my neighborhood for the past few Sundays, I have no idea what advice Margaret Webster, the director, may have published regarding her end of the scheme (and I may say it is something of a joy to be able to watch her work without having been instructed about it beforehand) but I do think this time she has done a fine job. Keeping the cast-list to a minimum—a number of the *divertissement* figures have been cut, and there are no extras—she has here employed a lighting expert (Moe Hack), based the production on an idea of Eva Le Gallienne's, kept the Motleys within a framework of taste and *plan* with regard to set and costume; cast (beyond the star requirements) with precision if not with daring, and dealt the play, I consider, the maximum of magic. By the device of removing Prospero's lovely "pageant faded" speech out of context to form an epilogue, she has ascended the whole affair into the realms of *show:* in other words, no more air is Ariel than are Caliban, Prospero himself, the courtiers, the lovers, the dumb-show, the clowns. And while nothing of philosophy is lost by this device, I think everything theatrical is gained. We are in consideration of an entertainment, and one which could only occur between the whir and hush of curtains. Stage stuff indeed.

To detail the production: if it was Miss Le Gallienne's idea to set the piece on a circular stage, revolving within sight of the house, it was an excellent one. I did not care for the transparent scrim arrangements used twice throughout, particularly for the first scene which seemed jammed and resembled a picture postcard; but the main mounting of a high vertical Stonehengian construction, cut into ca[illegible] its lowest level and jutting up into an endless cyclorama-sky, beautifully lit by Mr. Hack, gave an exact Island impression. And certainly the various levels provided by the plan adroitly solved the old problem of the play's difficult asides. When the various routs led out by Ariel, wind in and out this rock and are silhouetted against this especial blue air, I think the business approaches the exact measure of the fantastical: delight. All, by the way, is accomplished to original music by David Diamond which was adequate as to background, I thought, but a sadly unmelodious and blurring accompaniment for the lovely songs.

Players are in the picture. The rather strange shapelessness of Canada Lee's costume (a sort of divingsuit made of silvery leaves) seemed to me somewhat to smother his interpretation. And unfortunately his diction is as amorphous. His Caliban is presented as the farthest barbarian, a crouching, arm-swinging ape; but as this is unquestionably a chosen reading, I feel I must underline my objections (except as to speech) as prejudice. And again, the portion of Ariel is apt to rear prejudice in the mind of anyone to whom the play is more than a title. Here, I think the director has used Vera Zorina surprisingly well. For once, this dancer's even, almost nihilistic beauty emerges as classical, and she is every way assisted by the staging. Nevertheless, as she cannot sing, has an accent difficult to unravel, I think the casting will continue to seem mysterious to a good many people, and I think her overall attack depends rather too much on an excess of miming—with a separate, often distracting, gesture allied to every line. Lah-de-dah. As Miss Webster has not hesitated to employ every artifice—crashes of thunder, flashings of lightning—I do wish Ariel might have flown on a wire, been more musicked, bell-like, innocent. With the most difficult part of all, Arnold Moss's Prospero is impressive, brilliantly phrased; Frances Heflin's Miranda is neatly sweet, if lacking in gravity; Voskovec and Werich manage to be funny two-thirds of the time as Trinculo and Stephano (a triumph I think); and with the exception of a most insipid Ferdinand, delivered by Vito Christi, the rest are distinctive. (*At the Alvin.*)

KAPPO PHELAN.

War and War

IT ISN'T entirely fair to compare a documentary film like *"The Fighting Lady"* with a feature picture like *"Objective Burma"* because the documentary was made on the spot without actors as actors, and the audience never forgets that what they see is actually happening to real people without benefit (thank goodness) of rehearsal and theatrical devices. However, for other reasons the comparison is fair because both films are outstanding in their field, and both, although they use different methods to laud their heroes, succeed in impressing audiences with the qualities that go into the making of heroes, even the bravest of whom agree with General Sherman.

"The Fighting Lady" tells the story of life aboard an aircraft carrier. From its opening on a morning in 1943 with shots of planes starting out for their floating home (a specific carrier, but called *The Fighting Lady* in honor of all our aircraft carriers) until the film's closing some 14 months later, shortly after the Battle of the Philippine Sea in which 17 Jap warships were sunk or damaged by carrier-based planes, we live intimately with men on ship and plane. Navy photographers, under the direction of Captain Edward Steichen and other artists who understood their business, have given us a visual record that almost allows us to participate in the events on and above *The Fighting Lady*. There are breath-taking battle shots, dog-fights, strafing—combat scenes that probably show more of what happens in action than the pilot himself sees, because as the narrator says: "Pilots sometimes blackout, but the camera doesn't." The camera, in some of these battle sequences, is a new secret type synchronized with the machine guns. But war is also waiting, and this excellent film includes in its documentation many scenes of men relaxing, men at play, at prayer and at work at the more humdrum daily tasks all of which are designed ultimately to back up the flying group. There are also startling shots of

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planes taking off from the carrier, and of planes returning, sometimes limping back after fierce battle. And you feel you should applaud these boys who have done a man's job. The narrator calls our attention to the ballet after the battle as the landing signal officer guides the returning planes safely onto the flight deck. Throughout the film, an intelligent script (written by John Stewart and read by Robert Taylor) keeps us informed on the events and where we are in relation to what is going on. The technicolor photography, the commentary, the sound track, in fact this whole film under the production of Louis de Rochemont is an artistic achievement in cinema, but in spite of its artistry, the beauty of many of its sequences, the poetry of its name places (Marcus Island, Kwapalein, Truk, Marianas, Guam) this film never allows us to forget its purpose, its respect for reality, its salute to the men whose burial at sea we witness. After *The Fighting Lady* became part of Task Force 58, it participated in the battle known as "The Marianas Turkey Shoot," in which 360 Jap planes were downed; we lost 22. As the film ends and we see a long shot of the carrier, the narrator says: "This is only the beginning. She and her planes will come home. God grant."

While "Objective Burma" has neither the realistic poetry nor the uncompromising reality of "The Fighting Lady," it is still a moving war film and one worthy of the large box office it is bound to attract. Its all-male cast has been well directed by Raoul Walsh. In spite of the familiar faces of the actors who play the rôles, it convincingly puts across its important message that our fighting men are tough and deserve all the backing we can give them but our Japanese enemy are tough too and we must do all we can to beat them. Ranald MacDougall and Lester Cole have written a good screenplay from an original story by Alvah Bessie. It concerns a group of American paratroopers who are dropped some 180 miles behind the enemy lines in Burma where they are to destroy a Jap radar station. After successfully accomplishing their mission, the men run into new and worse dangers: no rescue plane can land because of the Jap-infested jungles. Our men separate into two groups, start on the long march to their base. Hunger, heat, bugs are only minor foes compared to the fiendish Japs and the hopelessness of the situation. Eleven of the original 50 men survive. In spite of the grim touches that pervade this picture it really carries a note of hope. For at least some of the men do survive through their persevering efforts—and the success of all the men who went on the mission saved the lives of several thousands who are invading Burma as the film ends. Producer Jerry Wald, Director Walsh, Photographer James Wong Howe and the scriptwriters have emphasized simplicity of story and theme throughout. Again and again the suspense is taut and frightening; and the tense situations are heightened by periods of silent sound track. While the men on the mission are definitely heroes, there is little of heroics in their action. Understatement and underplaying dominate the film. We are made to feel the cruelty of the Japanese not through scenes of torture,

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but through sequences that show the reactions of the surviving men to their fellows' mangled bodies. Although the characters include the usual cross-section, the script uses a certain amount of subtlety in its exposition. The acting is in keeping with the dignity of the theme. Errol Flynn, James Brown, William Prince, George Tobias, Dick Erdman are among the men involved. A special word should be said for Henry Hull who gives a splendid performance as the sure-of-himself, over-age war correspondent who learns about war the hard way and conducts himself so that he wins the admiration of the men. If "Objective Burma" succeeds in putting over only one point, I hope its audiences will remember this correspondent's observation on how our world is getting smaller. Through these boys, Main Street in Schenectady runs right into Burma! PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Books of the Week

Poems by Adam Mickiewicz. Edited by George Rapall Noyes. The Polish Institute of Arts and Sciences. $4.00.

STRICTLY speaking, as the editor of this anthology points out in his preface, the title given this huge volume of translations from the writings of Adam Mickiewicz, is inaccurate, or, rather, incomplete, because in addition to the hundreds of pages of verse translations, two prose works, the famous "Books of the Polish Nation and of the Polish Pilgrims" are included. However, as it probably would be impossible to find a wholly revealing title for this book, it is best, because nearest the truth, to emphasize the poetry rather than the prose of its author, in spite of the fact that those of its readers for whom the Polish language is inaccessible will find in Mickiewicz's translated verse only distant gleams and far-off hints of the ineffable magic of the authentic poetry of the original work. But that is the fate of all efforts to translate poetry from the language of its original spell into some other, for true poetry is incommunicable, in itself, in its innermost essence, from one language to some other.

However, all truly great poets, the master bards of the human race, those who have a universal message for all mankind in addition to their special racial or national appeal, give forth in their work much more than the special beauty and enchantment of pure poetry, and it would seem that Adam Mickiewicz has a valid claim to be placed among the major poet-prophets, poet-philosophers, poet-leaders of humanity, such as Dante and Homer and Virgil and Shakespeare. And perhaps it is in his prose works, especially the two included in this volume, that the reader unacquainted with the Polish language will most clearly and forcibly be impressed with the special message which Adam Mickiewicz expresses with such contagious force that today, even more than in his own life-time, he seems the incarnate voice not merely of his martyred Polish nation, but also of the universal human desire for liberty and human brotherhood.

Himself exiled from his native land and placed under police control, though not imprisonment, in Russia, because of his association with other students at the University of Wilno, when a very young man, at a time when

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Poland was submerged under the triple tyranny of Russia, Germany and Austria, later on his exile became permanent, and his own comparatively mild sufferings as a patriot were transmuted by the alchemy of his genius into poetry and impassioned prose which expressed the agony of his martyred people in a fashion which has proved permanent, and which today again becomes an active force as Poland faces the greatest crisis of its long history of suffering.

As the principal founder of the dynamic philosophical and artistic and widely popular school of Polish Messianism, a mystical faith that has breathed powerful life into nearly all schools of Polish intellectual and spiritual life, save the new materialism of communism, Mickiewicz reached the masses of his people as well as its intellectual and literary élite, in a fashion that makes him unique among world writers. Today his influence is once more not merely a subject for the sort of expert diagnosis given to it in this volume by Professor Noyes, in his learned Introduction, but is also a dynamic popular force to which the Polish people turn in this hour of acute national crisis. For reasons such as are very inadequately suggested in this brief notice, this book calls for wider attention and more practical attention than are ordinarily alloted to translated work of by-gone authors.

Today all that is left of the Christian world might well take cognizance of the message of Poland, and through the work of Mickiewicz enter into communion with the forces that uphold the Polish people in their present agony.

MICHAEL WILLIAMS.

Jesus The Divine Teacher. William H. Russell. Kenedy. $3.00.

WITHIN certain limits this is both a sound and a satisfying study of the Son of God. Though intended neither as a biography nor as a full survey of all our Lord taught, it is nonetheless an informative treatise that lays emphasis upon the meaning of the Christ and upon His teaching methods. On His gospel there is a lengthy chapter which presents those truths of His that make significant the life of humankind.

At times perhaps the text grows preachy. And yet hardly a page of its more than 450 but holds some worthwhile comment, hardly an interpretation but has behind it the words of Him Who is the subject of the book.

More over, the footnotes add a good cross-section of modern views, both within the Church and outside, upon the work and person of our Lord. Not all the theories listed are deep or memorable, but they have at least the virtue of being current. And they furnish Father Russell the opportunity of bringing age-old Catholic thought to bear upon present problems.

Limitations are indeed discernible. Too little use is made of studies in tongues other than English, while the great mass of European periodical literature goes untouched. For some of the concepts treated, that for instance of Christ's Kingdom, more penetrating analysis might well have been attempted.

If not the "genuinely profound work" its jacket proclaims, this is at all events a diligent setting forth of truths that bear resaying as to the purpose of a pedagague Who is both God and man.

HENRY G. J. BECK.

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Next Week

THE WATERS OF THE COLORADO, by the Right Reverend John O'Grady, is a full length discussion of the controversy over Mexico's share in the irrigation waters of the Colorado River, as settled under a treaty which will come up for ratification in the Senate very shortly. There is bitter opposition to the treaty in California, yet if it is not ratified, Monsignor O'Grady believes, our relations with Mexico will be considerably worse than they already are.

NOTES ON THE CONDITION OF NEGROES, by George Streator, brings us up to date on a number of matters currently under discussion among Negroes themselves, their friends, their critics. Mr. Streator's constant travels throughout the nation lend special weight to this timely summing up.

VICTORIAN VIGNETTE, by Anne Fremantle, deals largely with the poetry and attitude of Christina Rossetti, whose death took place fifty years ago last December. Mrs. Fremantle attempts an appraisal of the spiritual atmosphere of the two halves of the nineteenth century, finding the first half largely a period of denial, and the second one of yearning for what the first half denied. A brilliant, brief, critical article.

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The Inner Forum

France and the Vatican

THE APPOINTMENT of Jacques Maritain as French Ambassador to the Holy See recalls the fact that, as recently as 1904, the French Embassy at the Vatican was suppressed. The break came about principally at the instigation and wish of the premier, Emile Combes, a bitter anti-clerical, who attempted to persuade Parliament to abrogate the concordat which had governed the relationship between France and the Church since it was negotiated, by Pius VII and Napoleon I, in 1801, and substitute another plan for the "separation of the churches from the state." Combes, in order to facilitate his proposal, engineered a calculated affront to the Pope, and when the Pope protested, Combes was able to have Jaurès, Socialist leader of the majority in the controlling bloc in Parliament, demand 'reprisals." Théophile Delcassé, Combes's foreign minister, recalled the French ambassador from the Vatican.

Relations betwen the two states were resumed during World War I, when Denys Cochin, a Catholic politician of the Right, was sent to Vatican City as envoy extraordinary, principally to facilitate war prisoners' relief and similar matters. He remained until 1919. France had no one at the Holy See in 1920, and only a chargé d'affaires, M. Doulcet, in 1921. In 1922 the first full ambassador since 1904 was sent, M. Jonnard, a Protestant political figure with republican tendencies and one-time Allied Commissioner for Greece. After the 1924 elections, an attempt to break off relations was again made, activated principally by Clemenceau. Thanks to the efforts of Aristide Briand, who in 1905 had himself been prominent in the fight to pass the law separating Church and State in France, the French Embassy at the Vatican was not closed. Briand had constantly sought a formula whereby separation of Church and State would be acceptable to the Church.

France was continuously represented at the Holy See until 1940, the last ambassador of the Third Republic being François Charles-Roux, a Catholic career diplomat of conservative tendency. He was succeeded by the Vichy ambassador, Léon Bérard, a rightest politician sympathetic to the Franco régime in Spain. Bérard in turn left with the fall of his government.

CONTRIBUTORS

William Thomas WALSH has written biographies of Isabella and Philip II, as well as a novel, and a biography of Saint Teresa of Avila. He teaches at Manhattanville College of the Sacred Heart, New York.

"Francis Stuart CAMPBELL" is the penname of a European living in this country who is principally known for his magazine articles and his book, "The Menace of the Herd."

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